



AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF

The much Lamented the

Rev'd DOCTOR KILDUFF
LORD BISHOP OF LONGFORD

You lions christians I now implore,
Your eloquence to my doleful theme,
Whilst I endeavour to repeat in sad strain
Of anguish a man of fame,

That has been taken I hope by Angels
And rais'd on high up to sanctity,
Our holy Bishop devout & zealous,
From us he's gone to eternity,

The month of June 1847,

Throughout this county will remember'd be
When this sacred soul wing'd its way,
Heaven to be crown'd in glory by the Deity
The great reward of his earthly mission,
When he fulfill'd with humility,

In preaching to them likewise instructing
His congregation with piety,

This 15 years to his congregation,

Throughout the Diocese of Longford round
Our holy prelate both late & early,

The sacred scriptures he did expound,

Faith hope, & charity he always taught us

For us poor sinners he did watch & pray,

From vice to virtue he likewise brought us

Where ere he found us going astray,

The funeral obsequies of our holy prelate,

It was most splendid upon that day,

Our rich & poor it was well attended

Their last respects to his remains to pay,

The widows tears & the orphans wailing

Could tell the loss they did sustain,

For their friend their father & their benefactor

As they parted near to meet again

The great exertions of our holy Bishop,

More zealous labours no man e'er had,

In decorating likewise completing

For his congregation the house of God,

A holy temple he left behind him,

A greater edifice could not be found,

For sacred splendor both pomp & grandeur

Than the new Cathedral of Longford town

Our Catholic Colleges which he erected

For a house of learning and sanctity

In years to come it will be re-erected

As a great memorial to his memory

With ardent labour he did endeavour,

To preach the Gospel round Erin's shore

For its propagation and our salvation

But alas our Bishop we'll see no more,

Now may the soul of our holy pastor

Rejoice in peace till the end of years,

And intercede with its Lord & Master,

For us poor sinners in this vale of tears,

Rank'd with the Patriarchs Saints & Angels

And all choirs of the Heavenly company

To sing in raptures round the throne of Heaven

Praise honour and glory for ever more